Bismarck.

SULLIVAN, THE SLUGGER.

Not the Bostonian, but Forepaugh's Fighting Baby Elephant.

The thousands of people who have visited the Forepaugh show on the lake front this week have been particularly taken by the clever antics of little John L. Sullivan, the pugilistic baby elephant. In the hands of his trainer, "Eph" Thompson, the little animal appears to possess almost human intelligence, and it would seem that he understood all that was said to him. Last evening a reporter for THE INTER OCEAN encountered "Eph" in the menagerie tent, standing in front of the line of elephants, who were reaching out their trunks and begging peanuts, candy, and pop-corn from the passers-by. "Eph" is a tall, well-made, and very intelligent colored man, who has been with Mr. Forepaugh's large herd of elephants since 1871. The animals all know him, and possess an extraordinary amount of affection for him. He exhibits the smaller elephants in one ring while Adam Forepaugh, Jr., the trainer of the herd, is performing the large elephants in the other ring.

"How long did it take you to learn young Sullivan to box?" asked the reporter.

"About four months—all last winter," responded "Eph." "He was trained in our winter quarters in Philadelphia, by means of ropes and tackle. He began to hit too hard at first, and I had to work to get him to strike lighter blows. He came too near being like his Boston namesake and I couldn't stand it. Of course I work with him now all the time. He is a very intelligent little beast and understands how to say 'yes' and 'no' by nodding or shaking his head."

"Are elephants intelligent as a rule?"

"I think they are the most intelligent animals living, though they do not look it. The hardest work I had with Sullivan was to get him to ride the bicycle. It was so difficult for him to get the motion. Those are the only two tricks he does. It don't do to teach them too much. He knows his work now, and when he goes into the ring he knows what he has to do. Neither of the clown elephants go on with the others. It might confuse them."

"How old is Sullivan?"

"Seven years old. He is the smallest of the herd."

"Are the elephants ugly?"

"Very seldom. Once in a while they get cross and don't work as well as usual, but they are under such complete control that they never become dangerously ugly. They never get into trouble among themselves, as we alternate the males and females in the line as they stand. The males are those with the tusks. That elephant there, whose tusks I ride out of the ring on, is Tip. His right tusk came out about three years ago, but it grew in again very rapidly. It is as long as ever now, and is a perfect specimen of ivory. The females are most easily trained. Well, I must go inside now and look after my babies. Good night." And "Eph" tripped away over the sawdust toward the dressing-room tent.